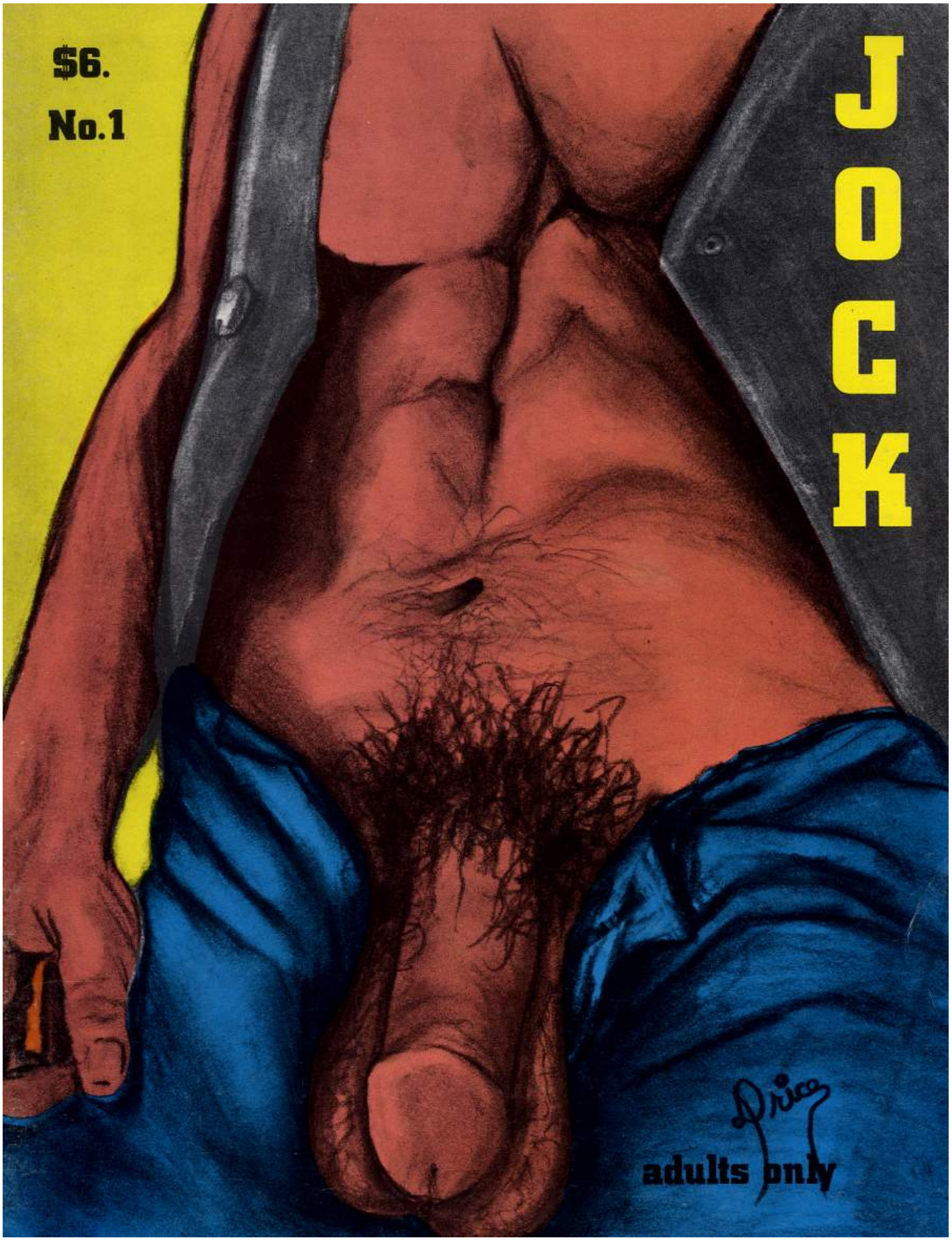
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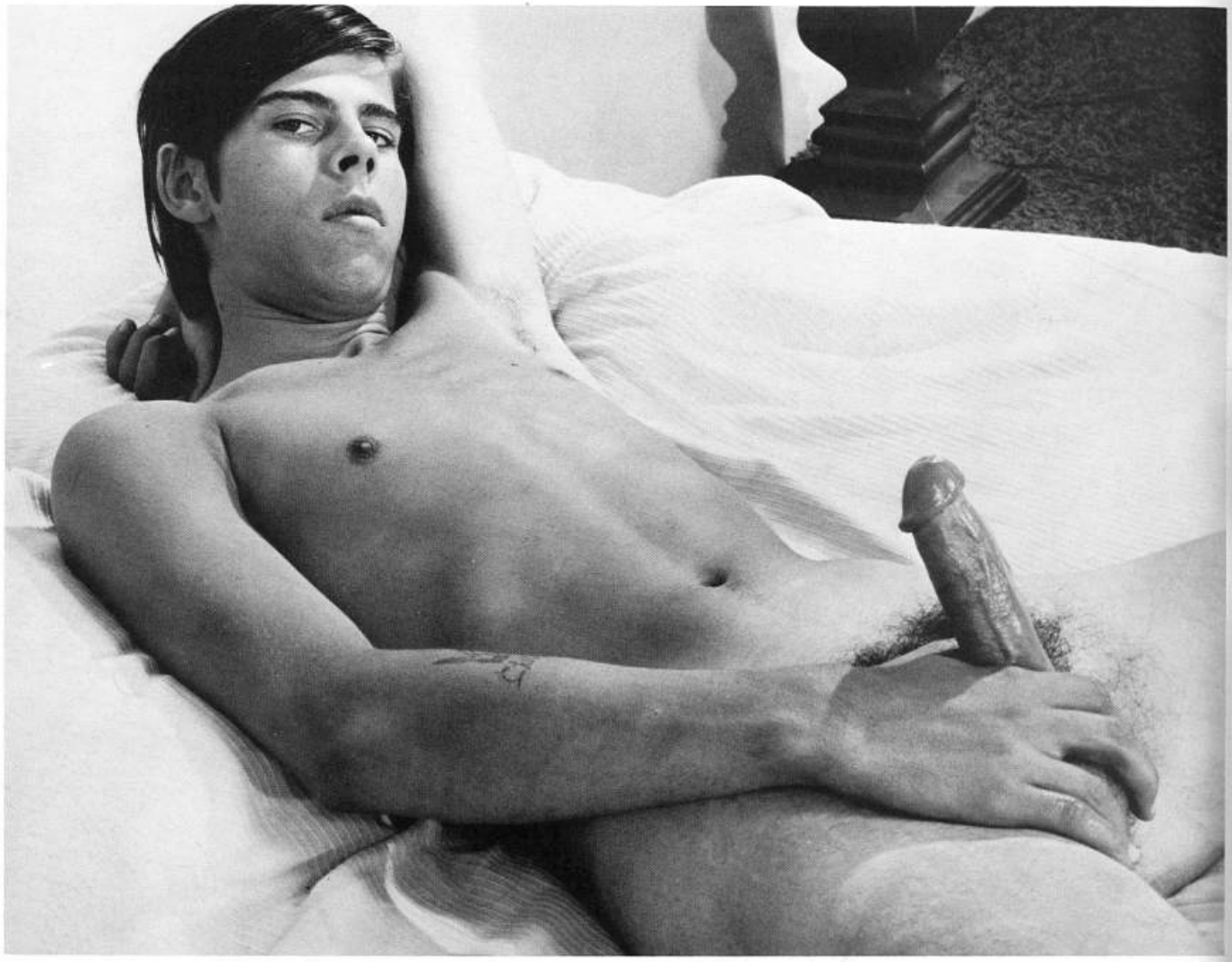


FAUST

Richard Harrison sat alone at his desk trying to work, but every time he touched the keys of his typewriter, his fingers became rigid, as though paralyzed. Gradually his effort deteriorated to the mere moving of objects around on his desk — anything to keep alive the illusion of productivity. Finally that too stopped, and Richard gave himself up to unadulterated daydreaming. It was a luxury he did not often indulge in, but since he had more or less fulfilled his own self-imposed obligation to sit at his typewriter a certain number of hours each day, he felt justified in pampering himself just a little before going to bed.

His thoughts ranged aimlessly back over his life. All told he had a fairly good bank of memories to sustain him. He'd been to college and spent a year in Paris, officially at the Sorbonne but unofficially just having a good time learning about French and Frenchmen. Then he'd done his duty to God and Country with a three-year enlistment in the Navy, which was nothing if not a ball. What could he say? He'd made more pick-ups while in uniform than at all other times combined. Let's face it: he didn't have the kind of sex appeal that attracted crowds of beautiful bodies all eager to hop in bed with him, so while he could, he relied as heavily on the thirteen buttons as gay decency would allow. Not that he was *un*attractive particularly; after getting out of uniform he'd lived in New York, Chicago, and San Francisco, and he'd always made out wherever he was. He was the first to admit, however, that he was what you might call "plain," and just a little bit shy. He didn't approach strangers easily, and they certainly didn't seek him out in a crowded bar. But show him where the action was, and he would soon enough distinguish himself as one of the most active. He smiled as his memory escorted him pell-mell through episodes from this period of his life, and he recalled with a certain fondness Frank and Curt and Peter and — oh dear God, what was his name? . . . uh . . . oh yes, Roger, except he was French and pronounced it Rozhay . . . marvellous kid! — and the host of others that mingled now in his brain in one composite picture. Some he'd known longer than others, most

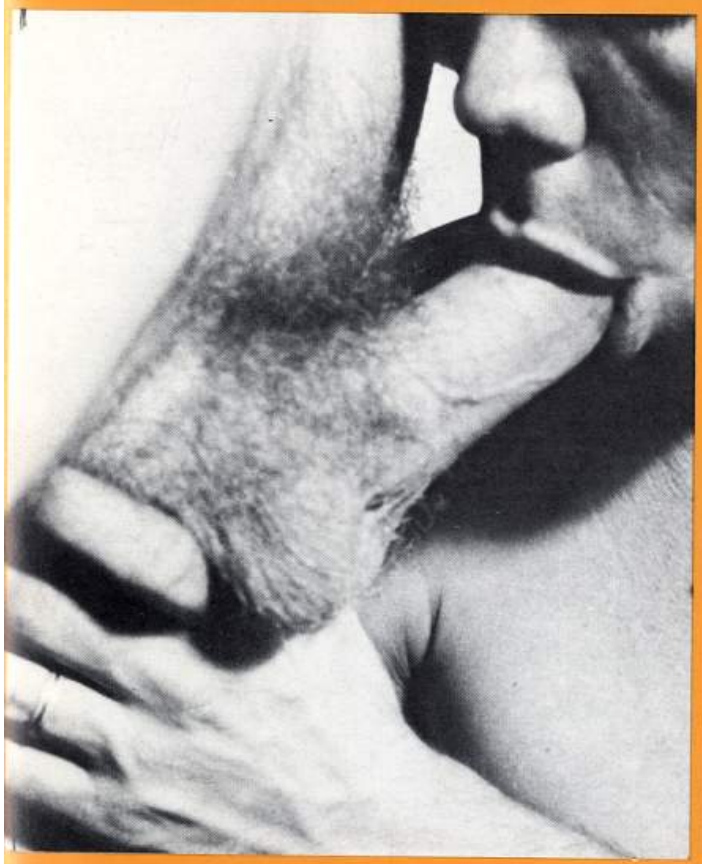
(Continued on page 5)

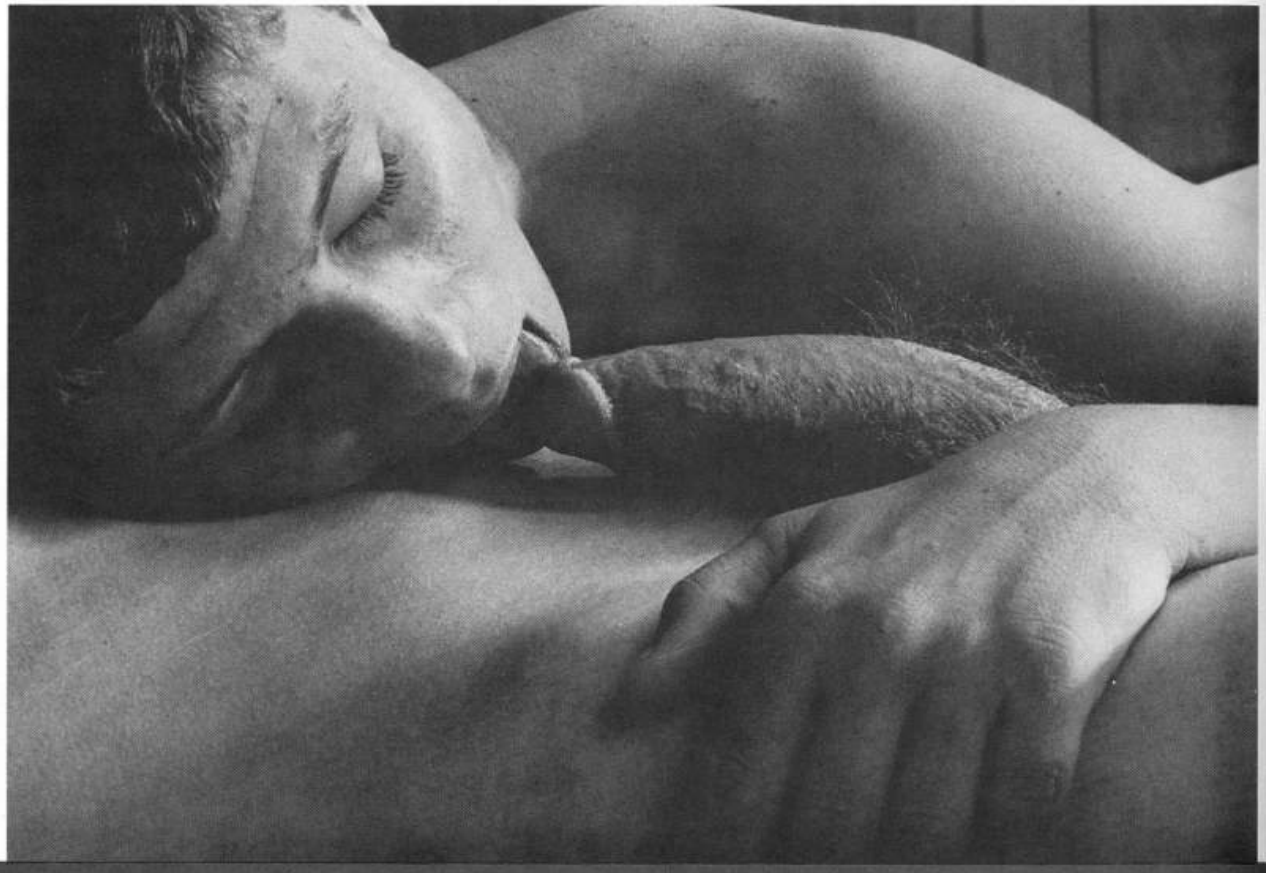
were one night stands, but all were pleasing to remember. Time has a way of glossing over the unpleasant incidents.

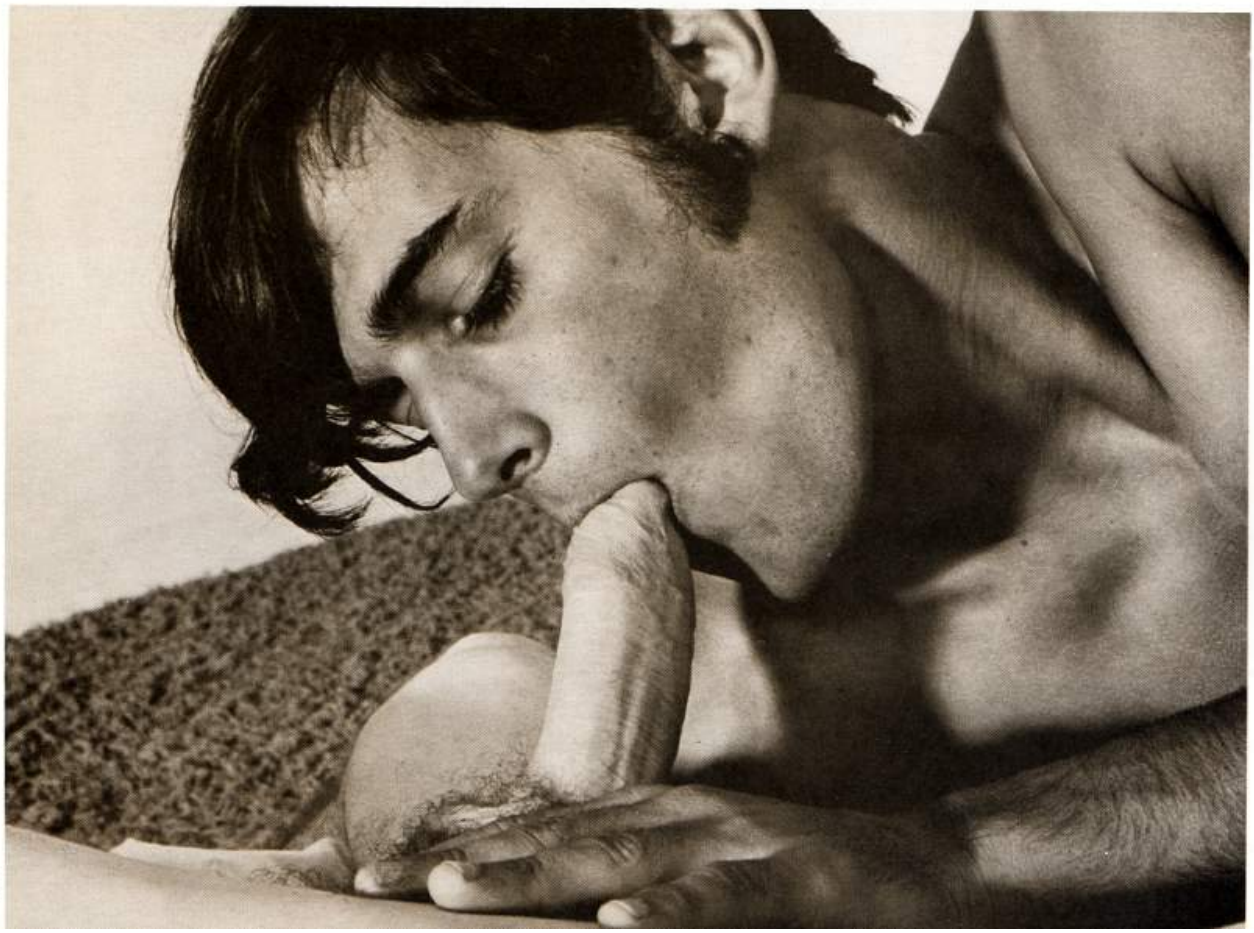
Then came the event that was to alter his life radically. He was in an auto accident which left him with both legs paralyzed. At first the doctors thought they might have to amputate, but at least he was spared that calamity. Still, being confined to a wheelchair for the past eight years was hardly his idea of living it up. He had a few staunch friends who dropped by occasionally with the latest dirt, but he felt they felt awkward camping it up around him. More and more he spent his time alone or with the medical and other professional personnel upon whom he depended so much. It was then he took up writing, and this gave him an outlet, something to do, a new twist to life. Without it he would surely have become sullen and morose, but as he gained proficiency, and particularly as he began to sell, he became more confident of himself and life took on new meaning. But some nights, like tonight, he just couldn't resist the urge to look back and remember, and, yes, maybe even feel a little sorry for himself. It was a mellow feeling, "what might have been," and he didn't think anyone would really fault him for occasionally slipping into his worn and comfortable memories and crying a little.

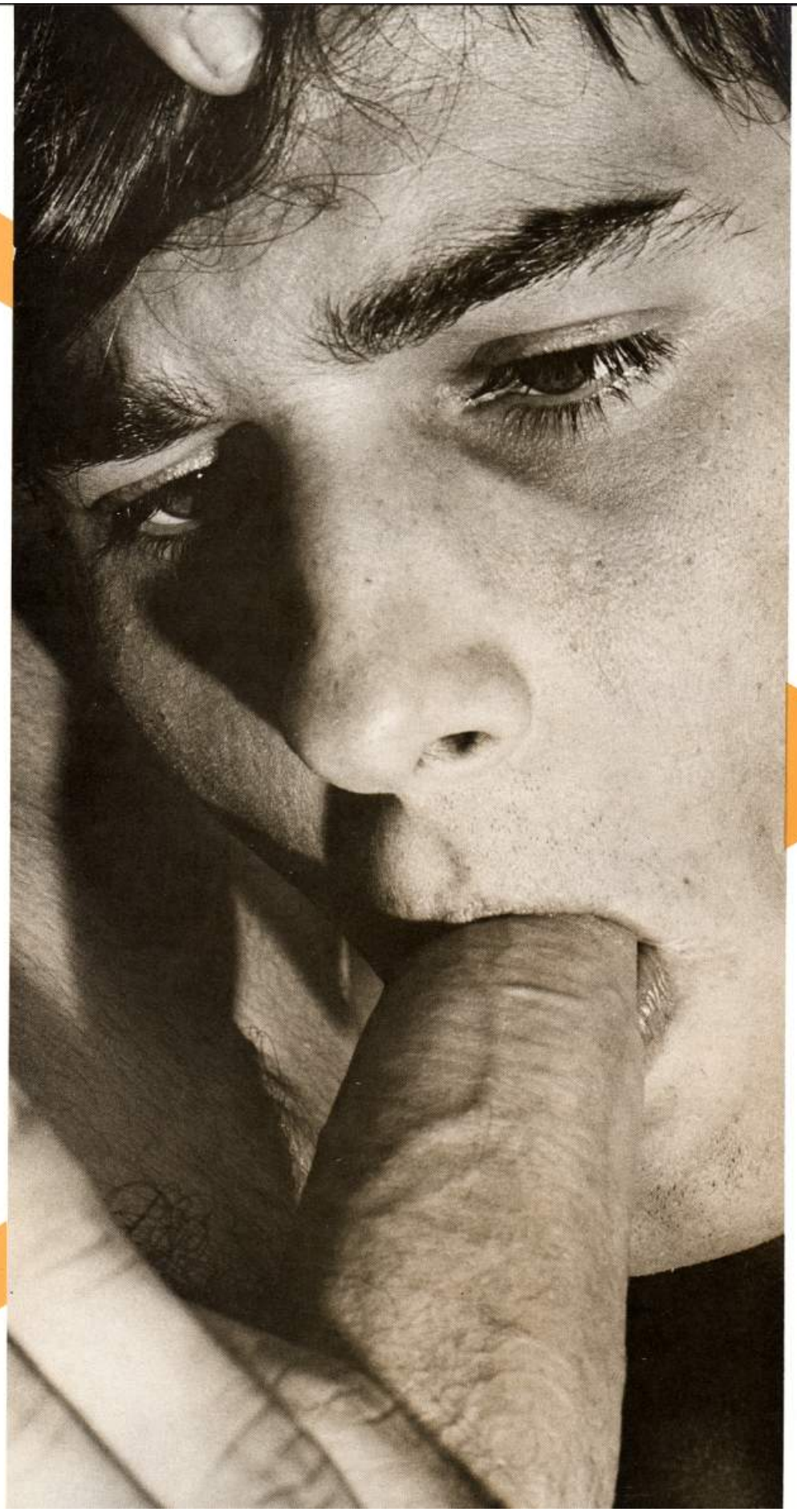
He had been lost in his thoughts for some time when he became aware that someone else was in in the room with him. Turning his wheelchair around, he saw a young man seated in the armchair on the other side of the room, his chin propped up on his

(Continued on page 10)









folded hands and looking at him as if he'd been studying him for hours, watching his every expression. Richard hardly knew what to say, he was so startled.

"You're wondering how I got in here, aren't you?"

Richard acknowledged he *was* a bit curious about that.

"I knocked, but when no one answer, I tried the door and it was open, so I came in. Then, when I saw your door ajar and the light on, I came in here, but you were so deep in your thoughts, I decided to sit down and wait. And so here I am."

Nothing this crazy had happened to him in years, and Richard was inclined to credit one of his friends with playing some kind of joke on him, something to "cheer him up." The young man was dressed in the rather outlandish but still sexy black leather uniform Richard remembered having seen in motorcycle bars in the past, with all the trimmings: silver studs in the belt and boots, a silver chain hanging from one shoulder and another around the visor of his cap — the works. Richard was so intrigued by his visitor, he almost forgot his conjecture that this was a prank, but before he could open his mouth to make any inquiries, the fellow spoke again.

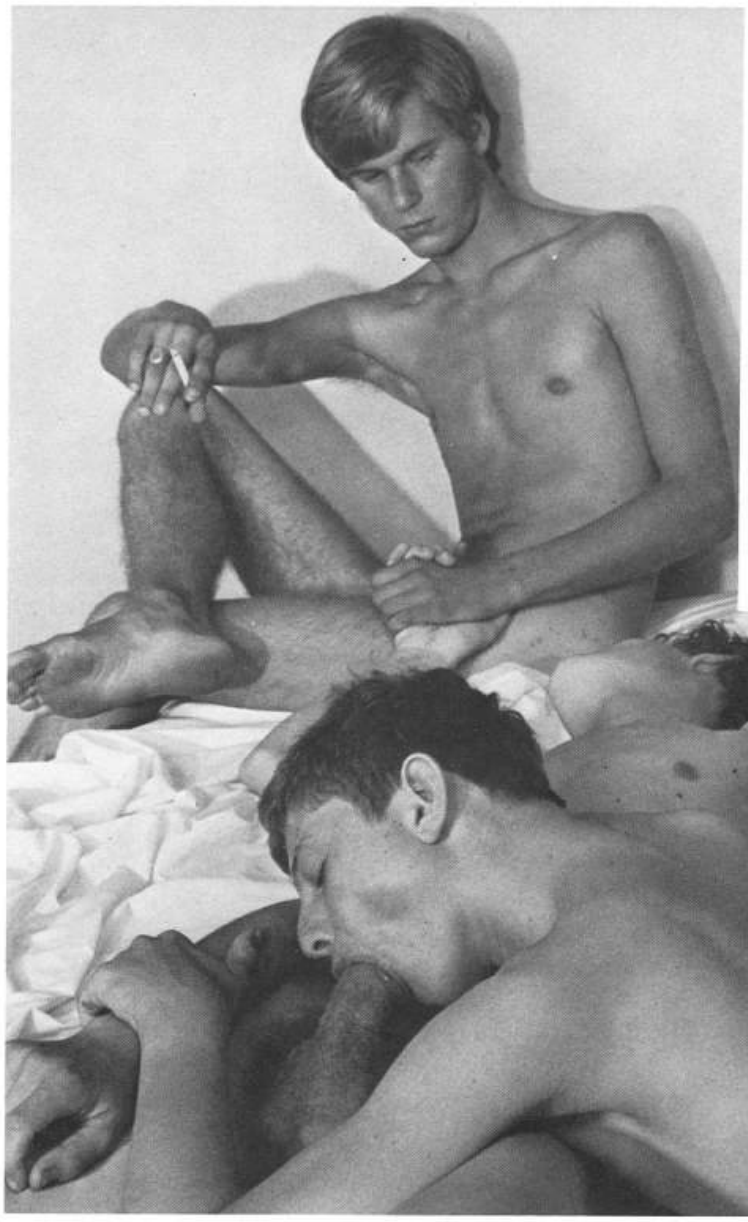
"Now you're wondering who sent me."

Richard nodded his head. Since he was apparently going to get the answers without asking the questions, he decided he'd do better to remain silent.

Actually it's not a question of who sent me, but who sent *for* me. You did."

Richard looked at him incredulously. The young man was on his feet now, walking about the room. Richard noticed the word "Hellcats" spaced large across the back of his leather jacket.

"Remember sitting there wishing you could go cruising again?"



Richard nodded.

"And saying you'd give anything to turn the clock back to a time before *this*?" He thumped the wheelchair with his gloved hand.

"Well, yes, but . . ."

"Well, I'm here to see you get that wish."

"You mean, you can make me walk again?"

"Try it."

"Aw, com'on, I'd fall flat on my face."

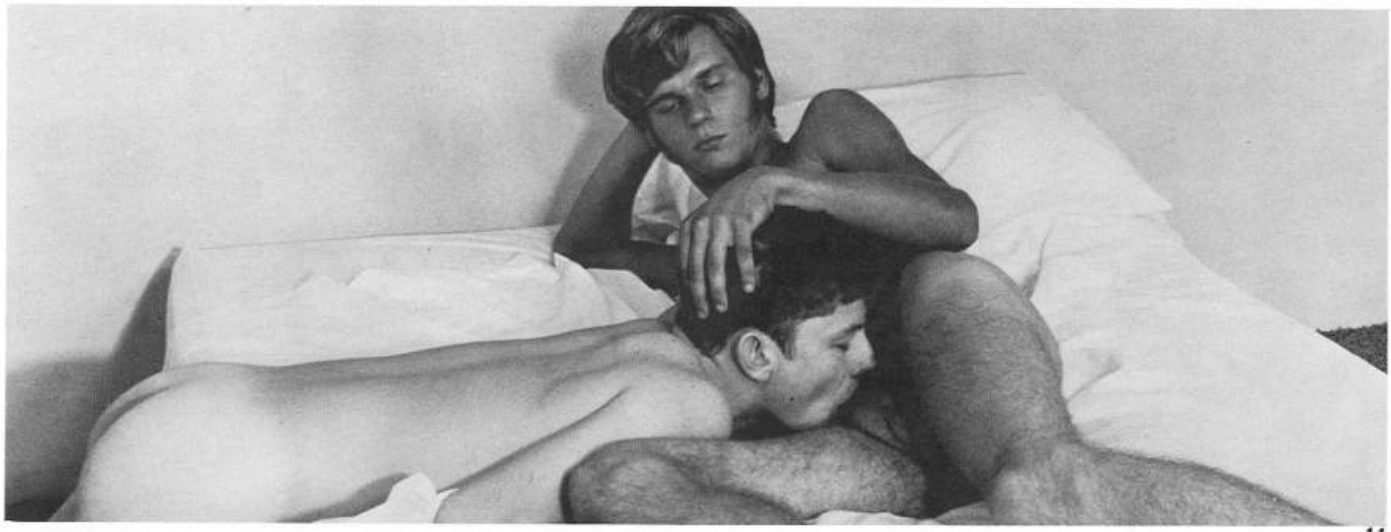
"Go ahead, stand up!"

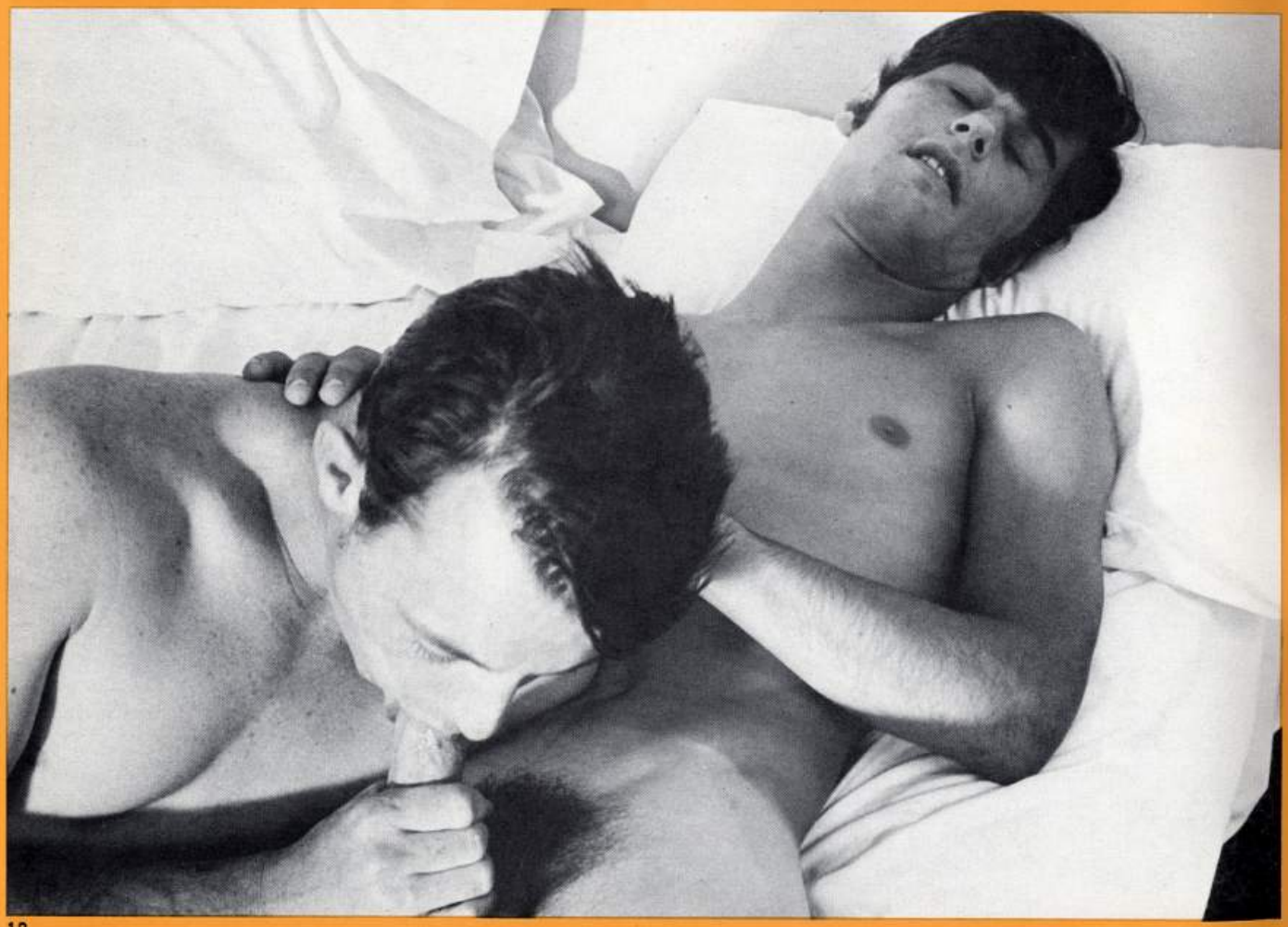
Richard didn't know what was happening to him but somehow it seemed inappropriate to argue. Grasping the armrests of his chair firmly, he pushed himself into a standing position. He was about to let go and flop back down again when he realized his legs were supporting him. Too excited now to even care about an explanation, he looked at his visitor and took his first hesitant step toward him. He remained upright! He took another step.

"I can walk!" he fairly shouted.

"What'd I tell you?" th ranger observed dryly.

(Continued on page 15)





"But . . ."

"Look, don't spoil it. Isn't it enough for now you can walk? Can't you just accept that?"

"Yes, oh yes," Richard said, wild with joy as he jumped, pranced, even skipped around the room. When the initial shock of this good fortune had begun to wear off, the visitor in black spoke up again.

"I believe you also said you'd like something like *this*." He opened the door to the hall, and there stood a boy the likes of whom Richard never expected to see again. He was Frank and Curt and Peter and Roger and all the others rolled into one. Since Richard was momentarily struck dumb by the sight of him, the stranger motioned to him to come in, then issued but one command: "Strip." Before Richard's disbelieving eyes, the boy took off his clothes and stood naked and visibly excited in front of him.

"You two have fun," the stranger in black said. "I'll see you in the morning."

Before Richard could protest or ask anything further, he was gone, but the young boy had soon diverted his attention by unbuttoning his shirt and helping him to remove it — and the rest of his clothes as well. Leading him to the bed, he pulled Richard down on top of him and locked him in his embrace. When the lights went out, Richard no longer thought of wheelchairs or leather-clad pranksters. All he knew was that in his arms lay a boy of perfect proportions begging for love with every fiber of his body.

When he awoke the next morning, Richard was somehow not surprised to see the black leather Hellcat sitting in the same chair and watching him with the same intensity as the night before. Beside him in bed, the boy still slept, peace and serenity personified. On the night table next to the bed had appeared a coffee service for two. Richard looked inquiringly at his visitor, who nodded his head modestly in affirmation.

"Thanks, and good morning," Richard said, pouring himself a cup of the richly aromatic brew.

"Was everything satisfactory?" the man asked.

"Like nothing I've ever had before." Richard got up and put on an expensively tailored robe he found on the foot of his bed, apparently another gift from his munificent guest. Sitting back down, he took several sips of the incredibly good coffee (he couldn't remember when coffee had tasted so good!), then cast a fond glance at his bedmate. Finally he returned his attention to his visitor and the question that was still uppermost in his mind.

"Look, I don't know how you arranged all this, and I'm not so sure I really care, but I would like to know what's the gimmick? Why?"

"I'm glad you feel that way. It sort of makes my job easier."

"What do you mean, 'job'? What job?"

"Well, you see, there *is* a small fee attached to this service, and it's my job . . ."

"Aha! So that's it! A shakedown! Well, let me tell you . . ."

(Continued on page 17)

"No, that's *not* it, exactly. You see, I come from 'down below,' as I think some of you so inaccurately put it. Actually . . ."

"You mean you're . . . the Devil?"

"Not *the* Devil. A devil. Just one of many working for the same end. The real Devil — you call him Satan or Mephistopheles; he's got alot of different names — never leaves Hell. He's strictly a policy

you already have."

"I *what?*"

"Yes, the moment you wished to go back in time and relive your past pleasures, you stopped your flow toward the future unknown. Your life stopped then and your personal Hell began."

"But what about him? Does he vanish now into thin air or something?"

man."

"So now you're going to ask me to give up my soul to eternal damnation, or something like that, in exchange for these . . . baubles? A night in bed with a hot body and I'm supposed to sign some kind of pact with the Devil?"

"Well, no. You see, that's my job: to inform you,

"Oh no, he's yours for the rest of eternity. You can have endless nights together like last night."

"And you call that Hell?"

"I'd better let you answer that in a thousand years or so."

And with that he was gone, leaving Richard alone with his perfect boy.

SUMMER LOVE

On August days like this, soft and warm, and washed with earth's rich smell, I find myself remembering Julio. I was twenty that summer, and in my innocence; Julio was just a swarthy, Mexican illiterate, who worked on my uncle's ranch. At eighteen his education was that of a twelve-year-old. To a blond, Germanic, Easterner, fresh from college like myself, Julio could be nothing but a servant.

When I got off the train, I could see the Rocking-H station wagon parked at the end of the platform. Julio was slouched across the front seat, his head propped on the open window ledge—reading a book. He was reading Tom Sawyer with such concentration that my polite cough didn't even faze him, but when I barked "Hey!", he jumped so that he banged his head and dropped the book, one motion bouncing off another in a Laurel and Hardy disaster that ended with the horn blowing under his arm as he braced himself.

I laughed uproariously at the comic perfection of his gyrations. Julio, however, quietly apologized with such embarrassment that I found myself annoyed and defensive. As we drove to the ranch, Julio said very little, but I was able to find out that he had been a hand on the Rocking-H since he was fifteen. He had been orphaned when a truck of migrant workers had turned over in a ditch and he was thrown clear—the only survivor. Uncle Jack and his wife had taken him in, and were encouraging him to read—Aunt Doris had taught him most of his English.

The second night after my arrival after all the family news had been exchanged, I wandered around the ranch alone, meeting everyone, and found Julio to be the only person even near my age. I struck up a conversation with him about Tom Sawyer. Finding a treasured and familiar subject released Julio from his former shyness, he confided in me about the "Tom Sawyer cave" that he had discovered in a back canyon above the ranch. It took me awhile to discover that Julio's "cave" was actually an abandoned mine.

To an Easterner, an abandoned gold mine is the symbol of Western romance, so I immediately wanted to arrange for us to pack-in for a couple of days. Julio cautioned me not to let my Uncle Jack know where we were headed, or he might object that it was too dangerous. Julio said that he knew the place well, and would see that I was safe. My brief an-

noyance at his protective attitude faded quickly. I patted Julio affectionately on the shoulder—much the same as I would pay my faithful dog, Bruno.

Having convinced Uncle Jack that we were headed into the lake area, we set off in the right direction on horseback with a pack mule. But once we had entered the cover of the trees, we cut off up Split Rock Canyon toward the abandoned mine.

By the time we reached the mine site, I was no longer quite so cocky; I was obviously out of my element, but I was not about to admit it to Julio. We found two of three structures still standing—one in decent enough repair for shelter from the August sun, but open enough to allow the pine breeze through. Julio immediately set about making the necessary practical camp arrangements. I magnanimously undertook to tether the horses and mule in the trees. Just above, the settlement contained a spring-fed pool, clear and inviting. But I was eager to explore the mine, so, without waiting for Julio, I boldly set out on my own.

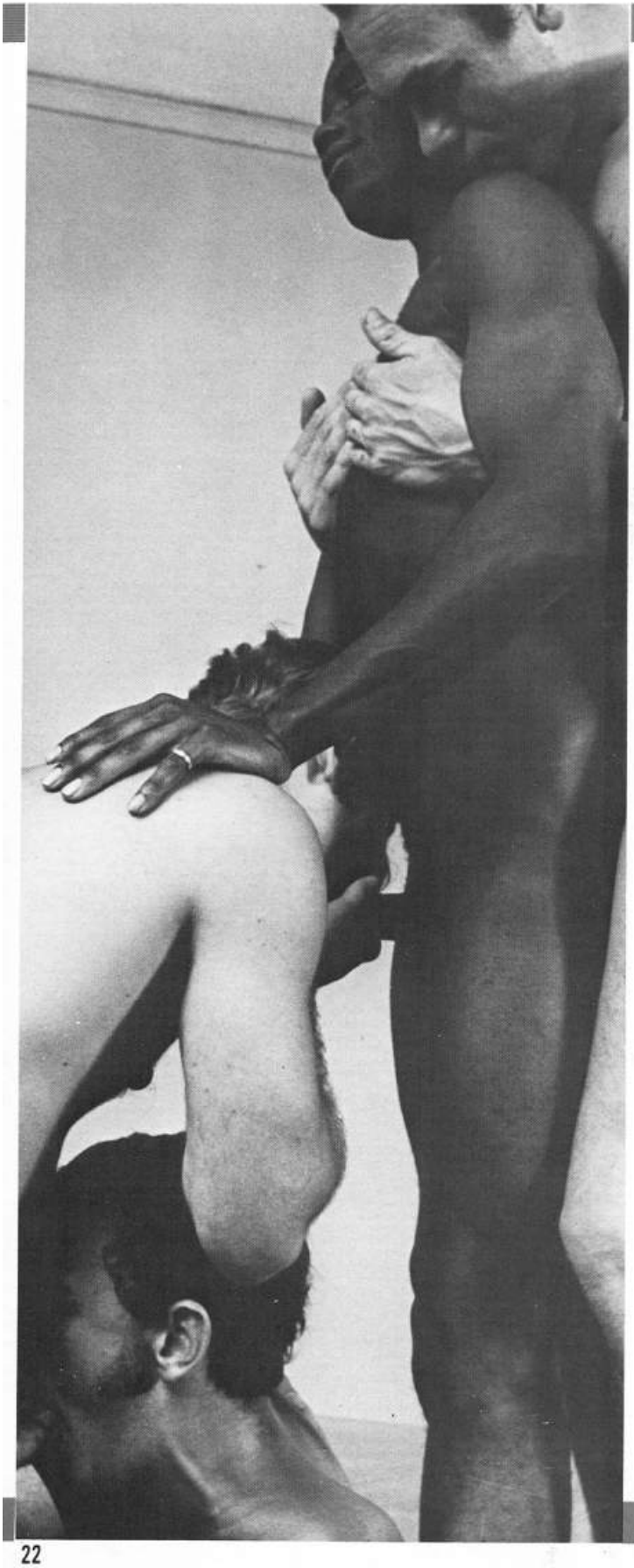
I was surprised to find the mine entrance was actually a natural cave at its entrance. My curiosity led me into the dark just beyond the light from the wide mouth, and with childish bravery I made my way deeper into the interior by running my hand along the walls and sliding my feet along the loose, rocky floor. Suddenly, I felt the ground begin to give way under me. In the blackness I became aware of crumbling earth echoing into a deep shaft with a hollow, muted splash. Frantically, I reached out for the solid support of the wall, but I found none.

At that second, someone grabbed me, pinning my arms to my sides, and began pulling me backwards toward the entrance. I could feel the unyielding soft-hardness of work-strong muscles, hear the pounding heart machinery, smell the salty sage and mesquite sweat, the amber breath of panic from my captor, as Julio dragged me into the sunlight. Apparently, it dawned on Julio that what had started out as panic was becoming passion, and he did not release me—he merely relaxed his hold and turned it into a caress. When I realized my own passion, I went rigid with guilt, and turned on him in anger—"What the hell are you doing?"

"The cave drops off inside," was all he said. He made no reference to the final outcome of his rescuing embrace. Sensing my confusion, Julio simply shrugged, turned and walked to the shack.

Left to myself, I strode up to the spring and threw myself down to drink. My mouth was like cotton, and a fit of shaking overcame me as the shock of my narrow escape hit me. I lay there—Narcissus admiring himself—and my inner quivering seemed reflected in the dappled water.

(Continued on page 22)



Finally calm, I caught the odor of smoke and the stomach-tightening aroma of cooking meat. I jumped up and clambored down to the shack where a thin wisp of grey smoke hung over the stone chimney.

Released from tension, and hungry, I bounded into the tumbled-down shack and grabbed Julio as he squatted before the fire, pinning his arms and hauling him backwards so that we both fell rolling and laughing, our shoulders, hips, and feet beating tom-tom on the hollow floor. Releasing him suddenly, I rushed to the food and began to eat. Smiling, almost shyly, he joined me, and we wolfed our food in silence—talking only with our eyes.

When we had finally finished and leaned back against the stone fireplace, Julio asked, "Why did you do that?"

Jauntily I told him, "Turn about is fair play." I got up and began pulling out my shirttail. "Let's get cleaned up," I suggested. "Did you bring soap?" I started for the door. "Come on, I'll let you scrub my back."

I sauntered up to the pool, stripping off my shirt, but I waited until Julio came up with the soap and towels before I undressed further. Once his eyes were on me, I slowly peeled off my clothes, stretching and preening before him. "Come on," I razzed him, "You can't take a bath with your clothes on." As I stood there naked before him, scratching my chest hairs sensuously, he shyly took off his shirt and shoes, and then his pants. His lean, hard body glowed in the leafy light, smooth and richly dark.

"Hey, you're still covered up," and I pointed to his shrouded penis, hanging heavy and flaccid between his lithe thighs. Julio's handsome face clouded briefly in quiet humiliation, but his smile returned quickly and as warm as before. He picked up the soap from the towels and started into the pool.

"I will scrub your back for you," he said.

I waded out into the water and happily accepted his ministrations. I found myself becoming aroused by his big laborer's hands gently massaging the soap swirls across my shoulders and down my back.

"Okay, now it's your turn," I decided and turning around, took the soap from him, noting his dark eyes traveling down my body. Julio turned his back to me, smiling softly over his shoulder as I rasped the bar of soap over his shining back. I worked the slippery froth across the wide, bulging shoulders, down the tapered vee of his back, watching it run down into the cleft of his buttocks. Julio's smooth, nearly hairless flesh fascinated me. How long I indulged myself in the pleasure of touching him I don't recall. When at last I did become conscious of my absorption. In his body, I dunked him and laughingly splashed out of the water.

Julio scrambled out of the water grinning, and I threw a towel to him. When we started back to the shack, clothes over our arms, I let Julio lead the way to watch the naked, rhythmic grace of his walk. In the shack, I sat down on an old bunk putting on my shoes and socks and he stood nearby, one foot up on the bunk, watching me openly.

"What are you staring at?" I grumbled—and an impish smile played about his lips.

"The hair on your chest and legs is like gold," he answered simply and directly. I looked at his body then as boldly as he was observing mine. I began to laugh, and his face reflected the puzzlement I knew he must feel. "Why do you laugh? Am I funny to look at?"

"No," I said, "Not really. Your body is so smooth —just like a—a—Mexican hairless!" I laughed again.

"What is that?" he asked, his face sober.

"A dog," I said bluntly. "A dog without hair on his body."

He accepted this as a grand joke, and in a swift movement grabbed my leg and flipped my loafer off, and began to pull the sock off my foot. I grabbed him, and we fell back on the bunk struggling with each other, body on body in boyish tussle. But the wrestling dropped in intensity until we merely lay looking into each other's eyes. All the differences between us, all the values I so treasured were lost from my mind as the quiet excitement grew. Slowly —in exquisite slowness—I pushed his body lower and lower. Julio made absolutely no objection as I "let" him prayerfully take my lifesap. For two idyllic days I wasted Julio, using his devotion as an object upon which to squander all my pent-up, petty whims.

But a master who does not know how to be served is merely a tyrant. And in tyrannical lust I made Julio continue his servitude even after we had returned to the ranch. Under foolishly dangerous conditions and at inconvenient times I demanded his attentions, simply to increase my own thrill.

Within another week I grew annoyed with him. I was not aware then just why; now—I realize I longed for him to beg me to take him to myself, as I made him take me. But never did he refuse me—nor ask anything of me in return.

The night before I was to leave, I would not go to see him. I had, I told myself, more important things on my mind. But I fell asleep and dreamed so romantically of Julio that I awoke with fear soaking the bed. I interpreted my needs as a kind of anger, but having no immediate object to vent it on, decided to ride out over the ranch to dissipate my unrest. I thought I rode without direction or purpose, but subconsciously I must have known my goal. I found myself at the creek where Julio and I had swum together so often. I dismounted and let the horse drink, while I leaned against the huge life-oak that spread its huge arms above the pond.

Suddenly, I found myself sobbing uncontrollably. It was a kind of separate hysteria; it was me listening to me. Then I felt a hand on my shoulder, and the remembered embrace. Once more Julio saved me from the abyss.

But when I stopped my sobbing, my humiliation at having been caught in a moment of weakness made me spit out at him, "I suppose you think I'm going to do something for *you*, now."

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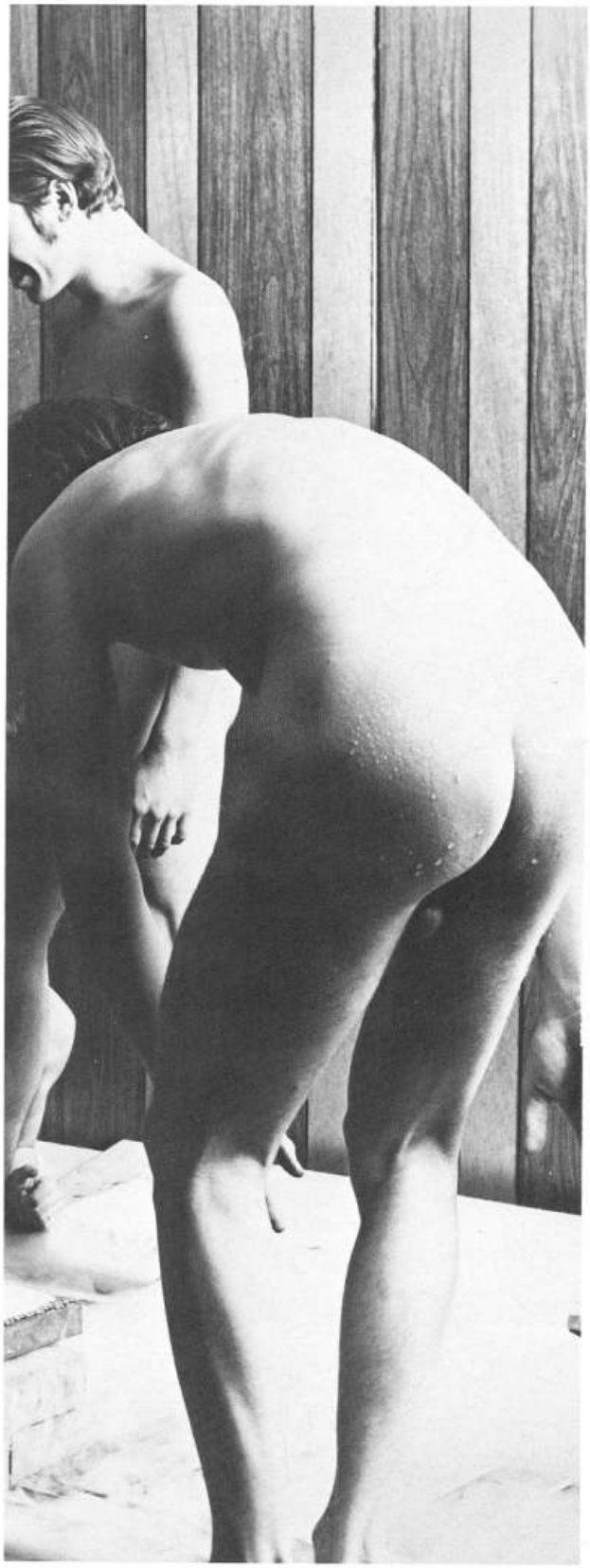
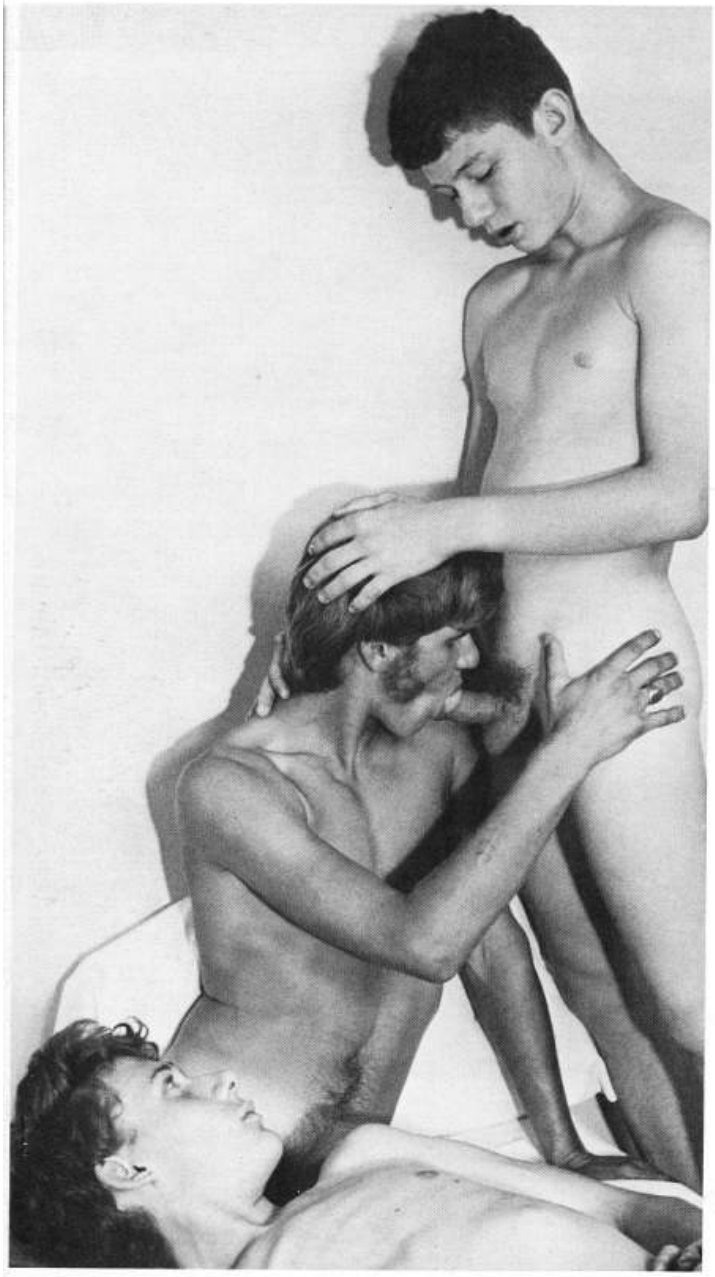




"It is not necessary, Carmelo," he said softly. Then with a voice as soft and caressing as the moonlight, he whispered, "I love you."

There was a fury in me I could not face; the coupling of shame, of need, of frightened desire, and a resistance to all the patient love he so beautifully embodied. In fear of his love, I struck him—and then again. He made no move to protect himself, but fell backwards—more from the surprise of my attack than from the force of my blows. From the ground he looked up at me without malice or anger. In the moonlight, his sprawled-out figure looked small to me, pathetically violated, and I felt anger, irritation, confusion lift from my heart as though leaving their hidden niches forever. I fell to my knees beside him.

He moved only to prop himself up on one elbow. "Damn it, Julio," I said in a near whisper, "Hit me, kick me, cuss me out! Do something to defend yourself."

"I cannot hurt you," he replied.

"Julio,—" I started to speak, but my voice would not come.

"I love you," he said again.

I touched his cheek with my hand, surprised at the tenderness I never dreamt I could feel. "Julio, I can't— I—must learn to accept this. I've always thought—" But my voice could not say my thoughts.

"I know, Carmelo," he said, and I knew then that he knew all I wanted to say and could not. He rose to his feet and offered me his hand. "Come. I will ride back to the ranch with you."

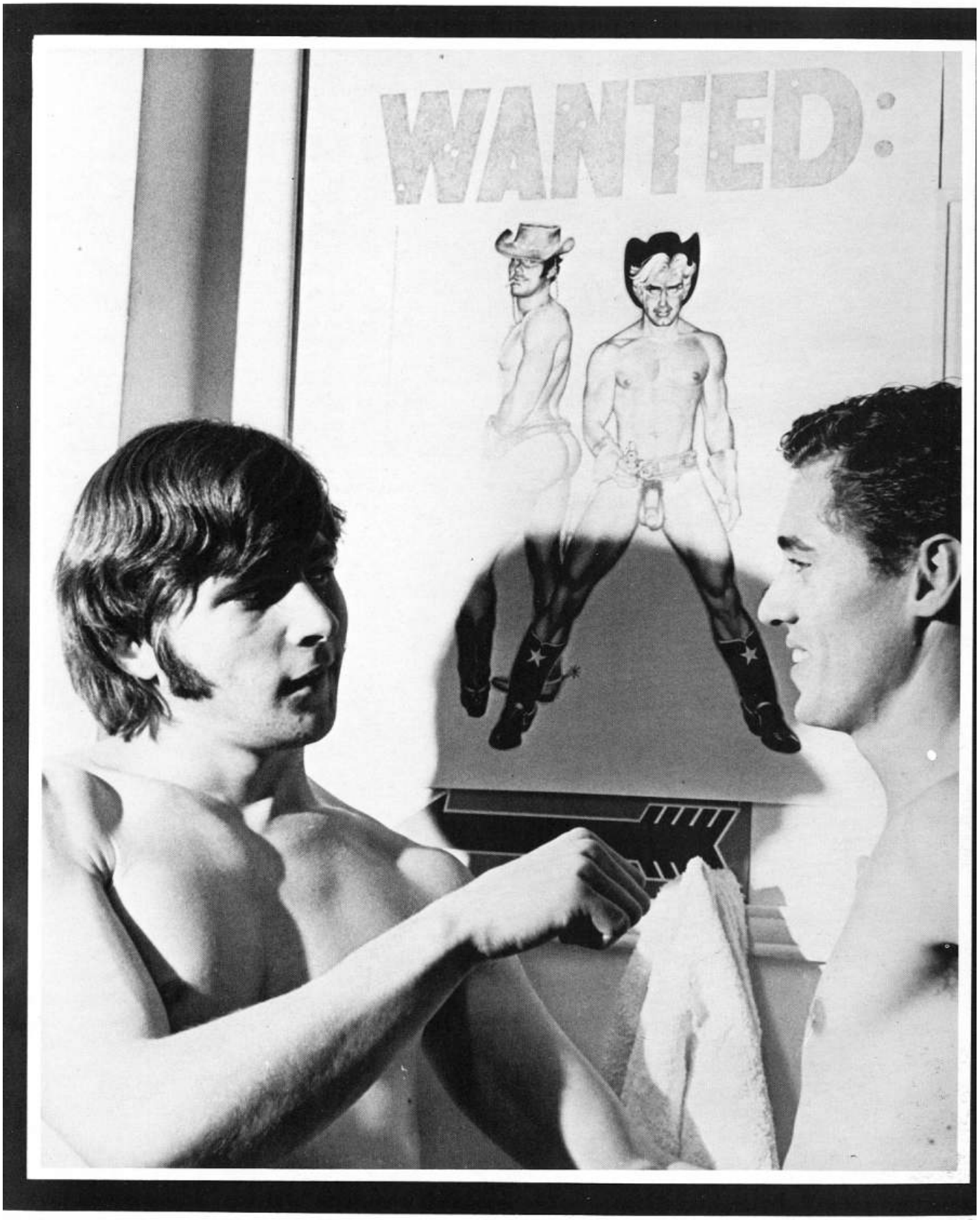
The ride back to the ranch was quiet. At the barn he held my hand firmly but gently for a long moment. Then he turned and hurried away toward the bunk house.

Numbly, I turned toward the ranch house. In my room I lay back on the bed in a new mood of melancholy. It was growing light in the East when I finally walked to the window to stare out into the mountains. In the sleepless night, I had awakened to myself at last. I knew I never again would erupt with anger and violence because of hidden and denied passions. But in my last stand of old ways, I was eager to be away from there—from Julio. Anxious to come to terms with myself and my world, I turned and began to pack my things.

My aunt and uncle went with us to the station, and I could tell they were both curious about Julio's blackened eye and swollen lip, but the necessities of my departure made it of secondary importance. I boarded the train, and when I looked back after storing my luggage, they were all out of sight. Later, when I opened the bag of food my aunt had packed for me, I found among the sandwiches Julio's treasured copy of Tom Sawyer.

I never saw Julio again. Not long afterwards, Aunt Doris wrote me and mentioned that Julio had been drafted. And then later she wrote saying that he had been killed in action.

Julio, Julio, you haunt me still. Must I seek you always, forever trying to undo what I left undone. Now that you can't hear me, Julio, I can tell you: "I love you."


WANTED:

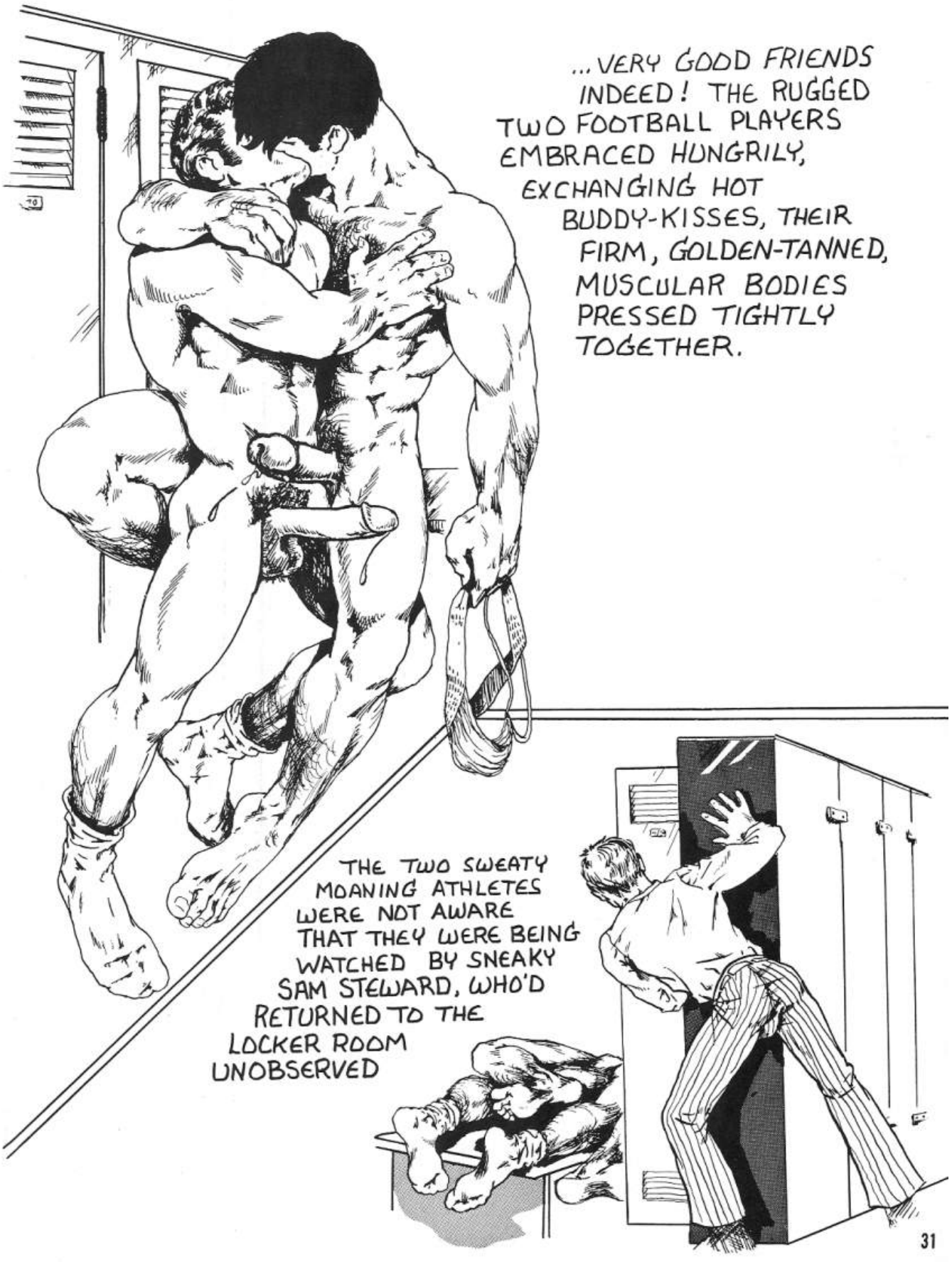
JOCK ITCH

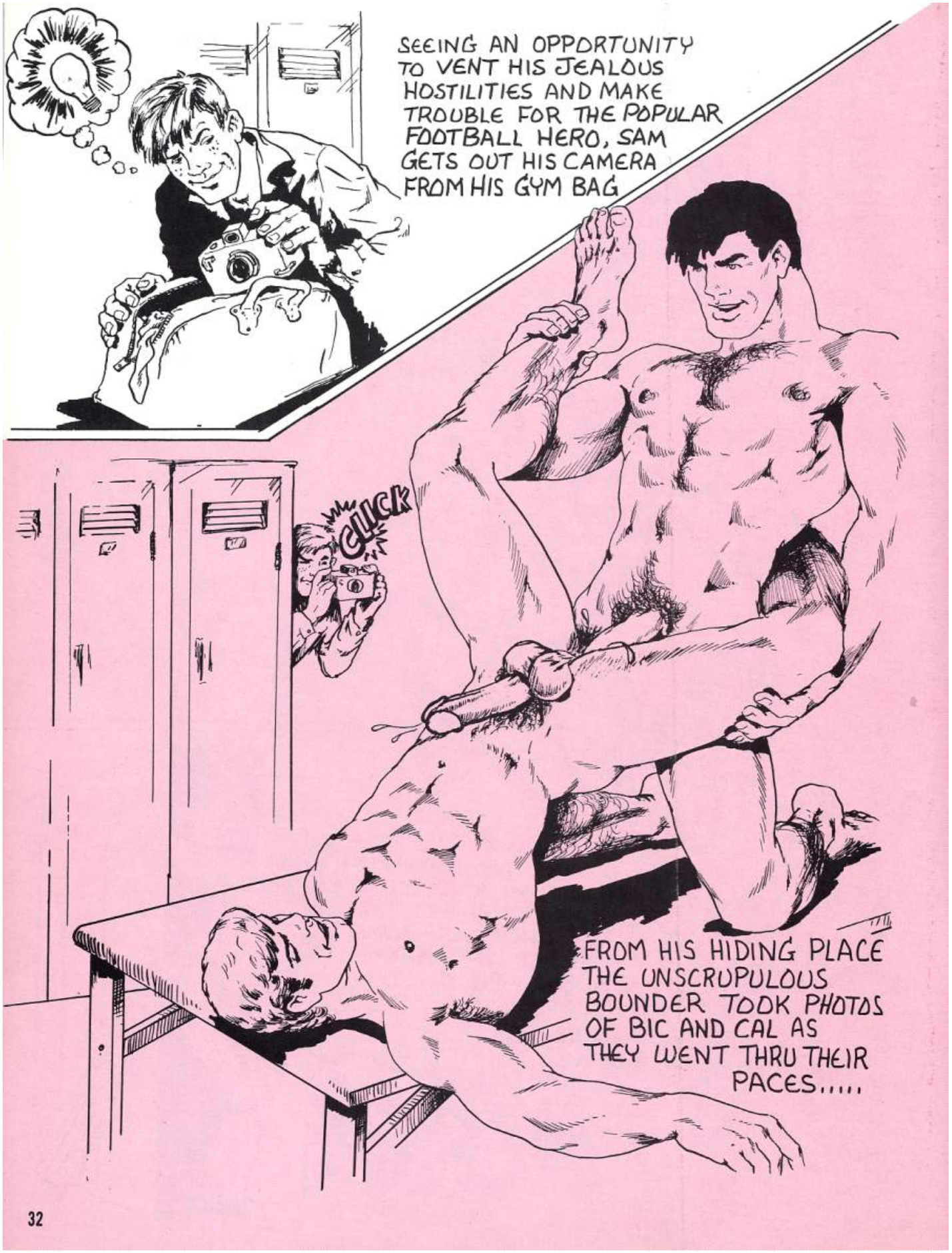
BIC WALTERS, TALL GOOD-LOOKING ATHLETE, WAS A REAL CAMPUS HERO. HIS READY SMILE AND WARM FRIENDLY MANNER MADE HIM THE MOST POPULAR GUY ON THE TEAM. EVERYONE SEEMED TO LIKE BIC.

...EVERYONE, THAT IS, EXCEPT SAM STEWARD, A RATHER PALE AND UNPLEASANT, NEUROTIC INDIVIDUAL. HE WAS EXTREMELY JEALOUS OF BIC AND HATED THE HANDSOME 6-FOOTER WITH A PASSION.

ONE DAY, AFTER A ROUGH GAME, BIC--- ALWAYS ONE OF THE LAST TO LEAVE THE LOCKER ROOM--- FOUND HIMSELF ALONE WITH CAL WYNTER, A BLOND AND MUSCULAR NEW TEAM MATE. SOON THE TWO ATHLETES WERE GETTING BETTER ACQUAINTED.

IN NO TIME AT ALL, BIC AND CAL WERE WELL ON THEIR WAY TO BECOMING VERY GOOD FRIENDS.


...VERY GOOD FRIENDS INDEED! THE RUGGED TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS EMBRACED HUNGRILY, EXCHANGING HOT BUDDY-KISSES, THEIR FIRM, GOLDEN-TANNED, MUSCULAR BODIES PRESSED TIGHTLY TOGETHER.
THE TWO SWEATY MOANING ATHLETES WERE NOT AWARE THAT THEY WERE BEING WATCHED BY SNEAKY SAM STEWARD, WHO'D RETURNED TO THE LOCKER ROOM UNOBSERVED


SEEING AN OPPORTUNITY TO VENT HIS JEALOUS HOSTILITIES AND MAKE TROUBLE FOR THE POPULAR FOOTBALL HERO, SAM GETS OUT HIS CAMERA FROM HIS GYM BAG
CLICK
FROM HIS HIDING PLACE THE UNSCRUPULOUS BOUNDER TOOK PHOTOS OF BIC AND CAL AS THEY WENT THRU THEIR PACES.....

CLICK
CLICK
CLICK!
SAM USED UP THREE WHOLE ROLLS OF FILM PHOTOGRAPHING THE UNSUSPECTING TWO FOOTBALL PLAYERS IN AN AMAZING VARIETY OF POSITIONS...

FINALLY THE TWO HEALTHY STUDS CALLED A HALT TO THEIR LOVEMAKING, AND AS THEY DRESSED, SAM TIP-TOED OUT.
GYM
LATER... IN SAM'S DARKROOM...
WOW..THESE PHOTOS ARE DYNAMITE!!!
HEH-HEH BIG, OL' BUDDY-- YOU'RE IN REAL TROUBLE.

THAT NIGHT, SAM'S SICK DREAMS OF BIC'S IMPENDING DISGRACE AND PUNISHMENT GIVE THE PERVERTED SCHEMER A HAPPY SLEEP...
POW
WHACK
SLAP
NEXT MORNING, SAM SHOWS THE PHOTOS TO THE TEAM. THEY RE-ACT TO THEM IN STUNNED DISBELIEF
ZOWIE!!
JEEZ--IT'S BIC AND LOOK AT WHAT HE'S DOIN'...
OH WOW, I NEVER WOULD'VE BELIEVED IT
WELL I'LL BE... SO THAT'S THE WAY HE SWINGS, HUH?!

HEH-HEH... JUST AS I PLANNED. THEY'LL TEAR BIC APART...
COME ON, GUYS... LET'S GO GIVE BIC WHAT'S COMING TO HIM.
YEAH... WE'LL TEACH HIM A THING OR TWO. HE'S IN THE LOCKER ROOM. WE CAN GET HIM THERE
HURRY BEFORE HE GETS AWAY
LET'S GET HIM!
WE KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH HIS KIND.
MEANWHILE, IN THE LOCKER ROOM, BIC AND CAL, HAVING SLIPPED AWAY FROM PRACTICE EARLY, ARE ENJOYING A FEW QUIET MOMENTS TOGETHER.

SUDDENLY, THE DOOR IS FLUNG OPEN AND---
LEMME AT HIM!
THERE HE IS, GUYS
LOCKER ROOM
HEY-CAL'S WITH HIM... WE GOT THEM BOTH
35
TIME PASSES...
THEY'VE BEEN IN THERE A LONG TIME. BIC MUST BE BEATEN TO A BLOODY PULP BY NOW..
CHUCKLE
LOCKER ROOM
I THINK I'LL JUST PEEK INSIDE AND SEE HOW MUCH THEY'VE STOMPED HIM.

OH, NO!..
WHAT'S GOING ON, GUYS?... I THOUGHT YOU WERE GONNA BEAT UP BIC.
:?!?
HECK NO... THOSE PHOTOS YOU SHOWED US LOOKED LIKE BIC 'N CAL WAS HAVIN' SUCH FUN WE THOUGHT WE'D TRY IT TOO...
WHEEEEEE
YEAH... WHO SAID ANYTHING ABOUT "BEATING UP" ??

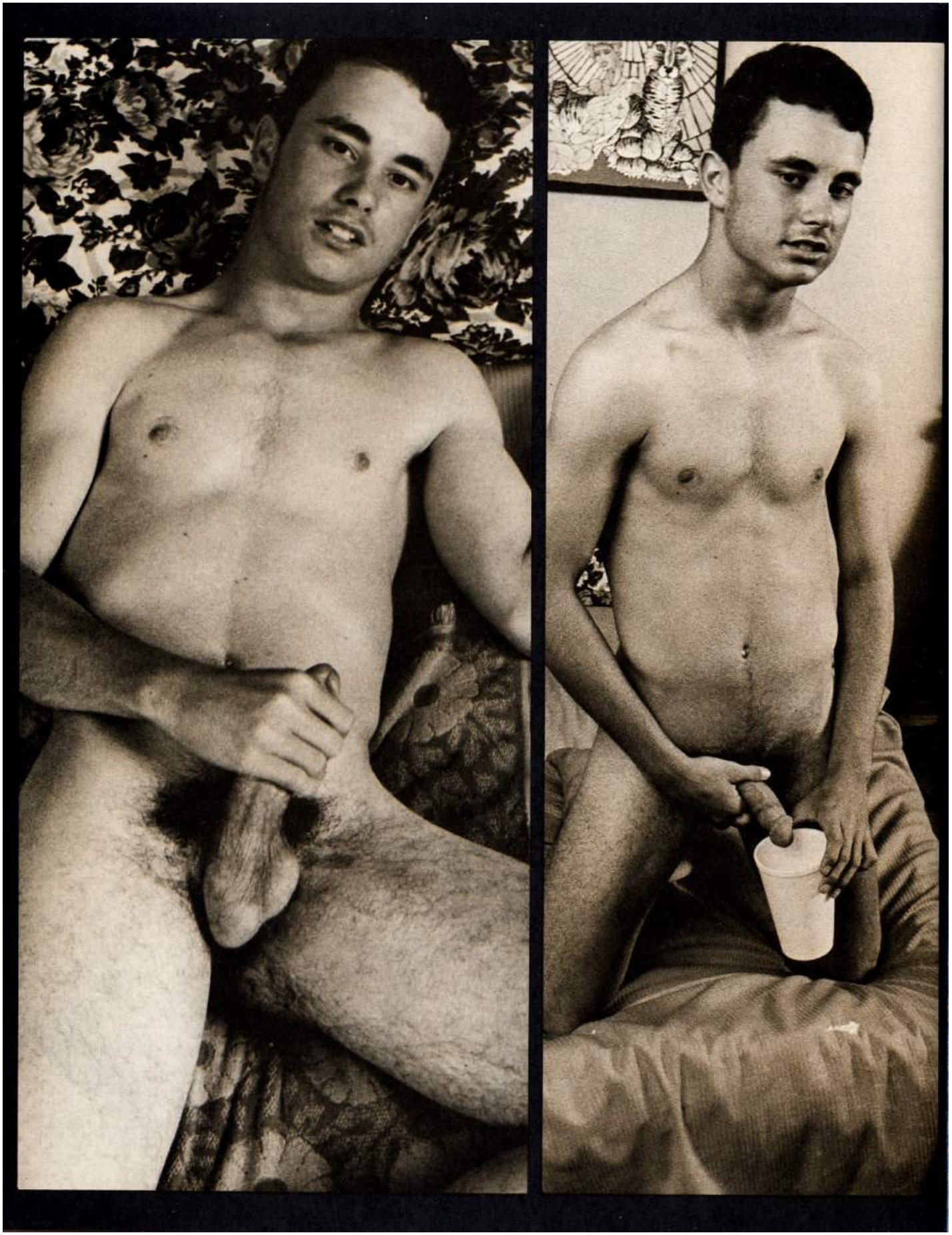
WOW... THIS IS REALLY FAR OUT. SURE GLAD WE FOUND OUT ABOUT BIC 'N CAL
RIGHT ON!

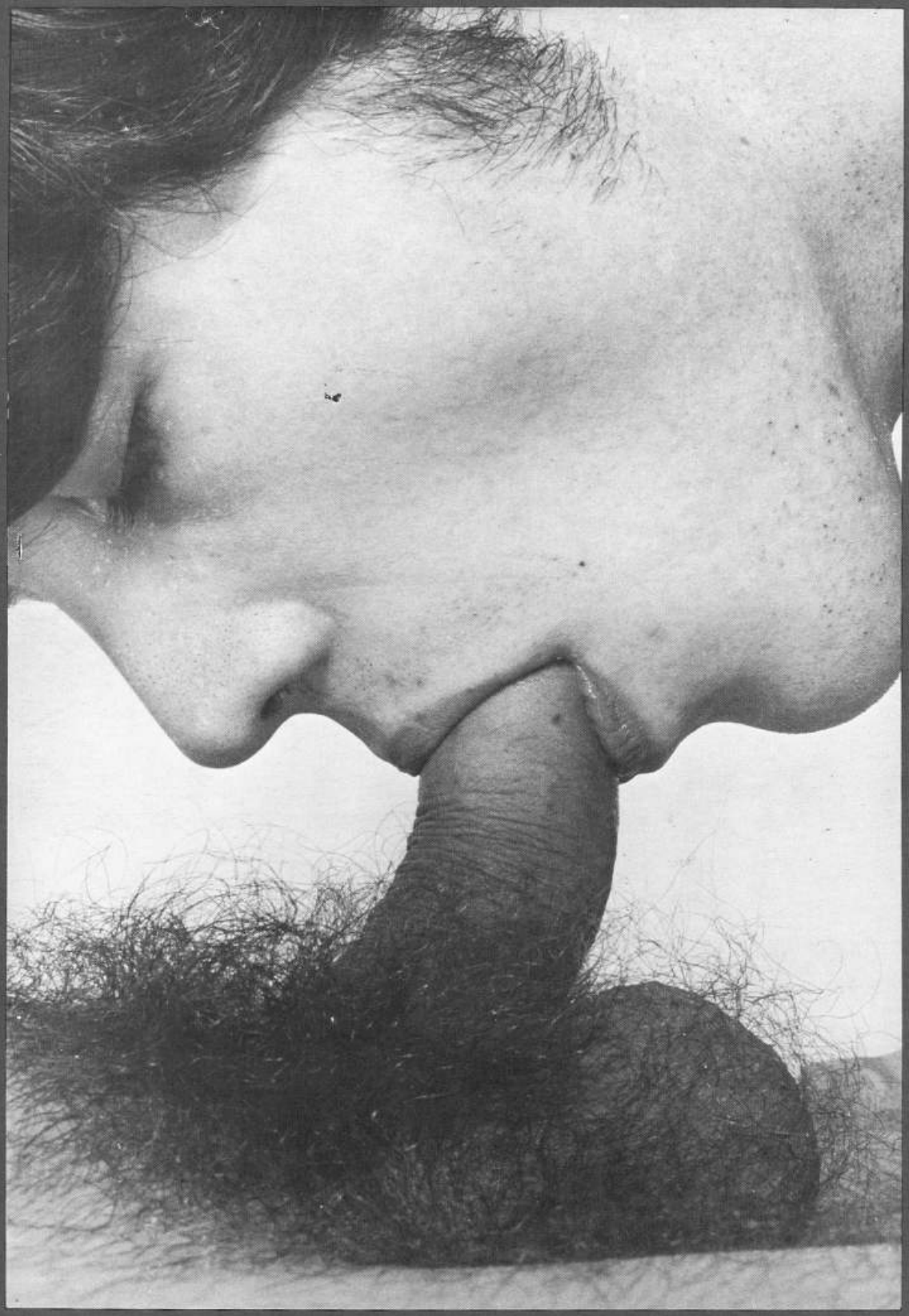
FURIOUS AT SEEING SO MANY GUYS ENJOYING THEMSELVES, SAM RUNS TO THE COACH'S OFFICE.
MR. McMANNUS COACH
COACH... COACH... THE WHOLE TEAM IS...
GULP OH, EXCUSE ME, SIR.
COACH
COACH
WHAT'S THE IDEA OF BUSTIN' IN HERE WHEN I'M CHANGIN', STEWARD?!
TRACK
WHEN THE COACH HEARS WHAT'S GOING ON IN THE LOCKER ROOM, HE IS STUNNED. WITH A ROAR HE RUNS TOWARD THE LOCKER ROOM
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT... I SHOULD'VE COME TO MR. McMANNUS IN THE FIRST PLACE. HE'LL TAKE CARE OF 'EM ALL...

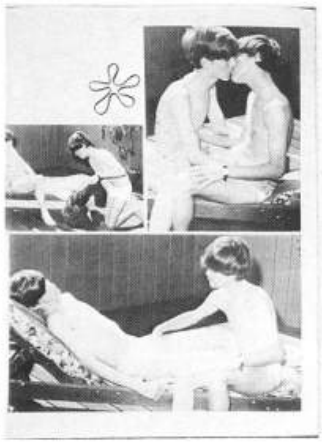
SO.... IT IS TRUE, JUST AS STEWARD SAID!
OH MI GAWD.. IT'S THE COACH!
COACH
OH... OH
RELAX, MEN... DON'T LET ME SPOIL YOUR FUN. THIS KIND OF PLAY WILL MAKE THE TEAM CLOSER... IN FACT... WITH YOUR PERMISSION, I'LL JOIN YOU!
WHAT!

QUICKER THAN YOU CAN SAY "GAY LIBERATION." THE HUSKY COACH JOINS HIS FROLICSOME ATHLETES ON THE FLOOR OF THE LOCKER ROOM
BANG CLUNK THUMP
"GWASH" GRRRRR
WOW THIS IS GREAT!. AND WE OWE IT ALL TO SAM STEWARD
YEAH... IF HE HADN'T SHOWN US THOSE PHOTOS, NONE OF THIS WOULD'VE HAPPENED
UNABLE TO COPE WITH HAVING BEEN THE CAUSE OF SO MUCH HAPPINESS, NEUROTIC SAM STEWARD GIVES UP IN DESPAIR... HE TAKES TO BOOZING AND EVENTUALLY ACHIEVES FAME OF SORTS WHEN NAMED "SOUR PUSS OF THE YEAR"...
WITH HIS PRIZE MONEY FROM THIS AWARD, HE BUYS A SECOND-HAND SIGN-PAINTING OUTFIT AND SETS HIMSELF UP IN BUSINESS ON THE WATERFRONT. HERE HE SITS TO THIS DAY, REVENGING HIMSELF ON HANDSOME STUDS BY GIVING THEM MEDIOCRE DESIGNS, AND GRUMBLING EXCESSIVELY....

MEANWHILE, JUST AS THE COACH HAD FIGURED, GROOVING TOGETHER MADE THE TEAM SO CLOSE THAT THEY KEPT WINNING EVERY GAME. SO THEY MADE THE "LOCKER ROOM SESSIONS" A REGULAR ONCE-A-WEEK THING. BIC, WHO HAD MOVED IN WITH CAL, BECAME EVEN MORE OF A HERO TO HIS TEAM MATES, VOTED MOST POPULAR PLAYER AND ALL SORTS OF OTHER AWARDS... WHICH GOES TO PROVE---
DAILY PLANET
TEAM WINS!
TODAY
ANOTHER VICTORY
WINS AGAIN
BIC WALTERS NAMED PLAYER OF THE YEAR
HERO #1
(WINK)
---ALL YOU NEED IS LOVE!
YEAH-H-HHH-HH...
THE END







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